Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Tyes vp my tongue and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier *and the Countie, with the Musitians.*

Fri. Come, is the Bride readie to goe to Church?

Fa. Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death lain with thy wife, there she lyes,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will dye,
And leaue him all, life, liuing, all is deaths.

Paris. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?

Mo. Accurst, vnhappy, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing childe,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold,
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Paris. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.

Fat. Despisde, distressed, hated, martyrd, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camst thou now,
To murther, murther our solemnitie?
O child, O child, my soule and not my child,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions, care liues not
In these confusions, Heauen and your selfe

Had

Had part in this faire Maid, n
And all the better is it for the
Your part in her, you could n
But Heauen keepes his part i
The most you sought was her
For 'twas your Heauen she sh
And weepe ye now, seeing sh
Aboue the Cloudes, as high a
O in this loue, you loue your
That you run mad, seeing that
She's not well marryed, that li
But she's best marryed, that d
Dry vp your teares, and sticke
On this faire Coarse, and as th
And in her best array beare he
For though some nature bids
Yet Natures teares are Reason

Fa. All things that we ord
Turne from their office to blac
Our Instruments to melancho
Our wedding cheare to a sad b
Our solemne Hymnes to sullen
Our Bridall flowers serue for a
And all things change them to

Fri. Sir goe you in; and M
And goe sir *Paris* euery one pre
To follow this faire Coarse vn
The Heauens doe lowre vpon y
Moue them no more, by crossin

Exeunt manet

Musi. Faith we may put vp
Nur. Honest good-fellowe
For well you know, this is a pit
Fid. I by my troth, the case

Enter Peter

Pet. Musitions, Oh Musitio

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34